



CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

THE VENGEANCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS  
THE RANGE BOSS, ETC.

(Continued from last week.)

Corwin was not bothered at all by the fact that...

Dillon sent a representative to see him.

The town was going to be...

representative said: It would not subscribe its quota.

Not very much more than half the amount had been subscribed, and today was the last day.

Falltown would be disgraced. It was upon such men as Corwin that the committee depended to save Falltown from the disgrace of failure.

"That's up to the committee," said Corwin, evenly.

"I have done all I can, and I don't subscribe another dollar."

The man's persistence angered him—brought a reckless wrath into his heart.

"This campaign was doomed to failure from the beginning," he declared.

"It's a fool war, and is being conducted by a lot of incompetent nincompoops! If they wanted the thing to succeed, why didn't they appoint a live wire instead of Dillon?"

"Dillon isn't as energetic as he might be," gravely admitted the man; "but we are not doing this thing for Dillon, Mr. Corwin; we are working for the interests of the brave boys that are going overseas—we are doing it for humanity."

Corwin felt like telling the man that the whole idea of war was wrong; he longed to express his opinion of the President and the war cabinet and of the heads of all departments clear down to the members of the district, county and township committees. But somehow, he had a feeling that to have expressed himself thus would seem puerile—if his words would not create in the man's mind an impression of absolute disloyalty. Those bitter, savage and resentful thoughts that seethed through Corwin's mind would not sound well when expressed verbally. They were stealthy, treasonable and venomous thoughts—and they had almost wrecked the slight structure of patriotism which Corwin had erected that day when leaning against the corner column of the Merchant's Bank he had made the mental flight to Europe.

He dismissed the representative with a curt:

"Nothing doing."

But a little later, when he turned and saw Molly watching him with a straight, level, scornful gaze, he flushed to the roots of his hair.

And during the remainder of the day Molly did not speak to him except to answer a question. Even then her voice was curt and cold; and Corwin looked twice at her after she spoke.

She made the day miserable for him, and when he left the office for home that night there was a scowl on his face and wrath in his heart.

He was glad the next morning when he found that Falltown had not gone "over the top." He found himself wishing that other districts had failed also; for a general failure would have meant that the war was not popular, and Congress and the President had been rebuked.

Molly did not speak to him that morning.

CHAPTER V

FROM Gary Miller—who had begun "in strictest confidence" to criticize the system of financing the war—Corwin learned that the Government, early in the summer, had begun to issue certificates of indebtedness to the banks throughout the country.

This, Miller said, was an assurance that another loan was soon to be floated.

"They raised the first by the skin of their teeth," declared Miller; "they won't find it so easy to float a second loan. The country can't stand it—business will crack under the strain—it's too big a drain on the country's resources."

Miller's prediction, however, was a rather inaccurate one, for the Second Loan was floated with greater facility than the first. But again Falltown failed to subscribe its quota.

Dillon, though, was retained, and because Dillon stayed Corwin felt as though someone had offered him a personal affront. In every letter Dillon wrote him—and in Dillon's manner when the two men met—Corwin thought he detected sarcasm and innuendo. But for that matter Corwin thought he detected those things in the voices of all his friends; their casual glances at him seemed to be full of speculation and contempt.



By this time, Corwin had become sullenly obstinate.

criticism, they became scoffers, malcontents, voicing malignant skepticism. And when—in the anxious days of the summer of 1918—they saw the French structure of defense begin to crumble under the terrible offensive of the Hun armies, they began to feel their convictions had been vindicated—that the continued defeat of the Allied armies was due to the nationwide incompetency of the war machine built up by the government. They began to predict disaster for Allied Arms; they told their friends how it might have been different, how disaster might have been averted and how victory might have been won.

However, they gave little thought to the gigantic task faced by the khaki-clad boys who, to the number of two or three million, were at grips with the Hun hordes on the battlefields of France and Belgium. The boys were not in their mental vision; they were remote and far, and for all they knew might have been a dream-army. Not experiencing the emotions of sympathy that fill the heart of the zealous patriot, their imaginations could not leap the mighty gulf that separated them from the horrors of war; they lacked the power to bring the war-picture into their mental vision; they could not see beyond themselves and the universe of cynicism which encompassed them.

For the third time Falltown failed to subscribe its quota; and in the fall when the Fourth Loan campaign began, the patriot element of Falltown began to betray some curiosity as to the identity of the citizens who were playing the role of bond-slackers.

Corwin had not failed to note the change that was coming over Falltown's citizens. During the days of the first loan there had been much enthusiasm; and the "drive" had been launched amid music, flag-waving, the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns. Corwin was convinced that many persons had subscribed to the loan while under the spell of the enthusiasm aroused by the noise and the clatter. Some of those buyers had not been so enthusiastic during the second campaign; and when the third came there was still less visible enthusiasm. And the fourth campaign began with remarkable quietness.

Corwin, going and coming, watching faces in the street, noting the absence of enthusiasm, smiled derisively. He told himself that the people were beginning to see what he himself had divined from the first—that the war was a monstrous blunder, that certain capitalists had forced the country into it, that it was a partisan affair and that every man was considering only his own interests in supporting it.

That was it! Corwin had found it—the dominant influence of the whole thing—individualism. Individualism symbolized greed, selfishness and the lust for power. All men lived their lives with selfish aims, looking toward personal gain. To the business man the prosecution of that aim meant wealth; to the idler it meant luxury; to the ruler of a nation it meant power, and to the soldier it meant personal glory.

And that was all, everything. Men prated of country as though the land they lived in possessed some kind of a spirit—a soul which in its entirety was composed of many units, each unit a dweller in the land. That theory was farcical, ridiculous, absurd!

For there was a greater power than soul. It was human nature. And the nature of man made him individualistic. He ran in cliques, to be sure—he liked company; he was eager to be surrounded by his fellows. But nevertheless, he was individualistic—he was looking out for himself. That was what made him choose as his mate a woman in whom he saw those merits and virtues that he could not see in other women. It was what caused him to build a house—a better house than that occupied by his neighbor. It was the desire for self-gratification which made him ambitious to succeed, to gain wealth, power and glory.

Country? To be sure. The thing commonly called a man's country was the place in which he lived—the land he inhabited, the place in which he made his home and in which he raised his children. But every man had a country—he must have a country, a place on Earth to live. God had given him that! But the mere fact that he lived upon Earth did not signify that he was to go out to kill other men who inhabited the Earth with him. There was no such thing as country when it conflicted with a man's individuality. The man—not country—was supreme.

And thus man was man, and country was another thing—secondary, chimerical, non-existent. Country was an imaginary estate, a Land inhabited by a race of humans who were all individualistic, all imbued with the same desire—to get ahead, to thrive, to live. There was no common spirit or soul that brought men together in patriotic bondage. Some men professed the sentiment, but few lived it.

Corwin knew a real estate man who had formerly dealt in second mortgages and chattel loans. The fellow pretended to be patriotic, yet Corwin knew he was discounting Liberty Bonds. He knew men who were whispering to their fellows that the bonds would one day be valueless, that they should be disposed of quickly, even at a loss, for the day was not far distant when the Government would repudiate all its debts. He knew other men who were profiteering; he had heard other men curse the Government because they were not permitted to make greater profits—because the Food Administrator had decreed against them. Still other men were idling in offices, on Government service—men of draft age who should have been at the front—if they felt

the patriotism they professed.

Had these men a country? What did country mean to them? It meant to them what it meant to every man who lived in it—nothing but a place in which they could ply their parties for the purpose of gain and power.

However, one day during the end of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, Corwin saw an aged woman slowly approach a Loan booth on Main street. She wore a faded black dress, a bonnet with a string attached, tied in a drooping bow under her chin. Her shoes were not good, and she had a look of having been pinched by poverty all her later days.

It was the glow in her eyes that commanded Corwin's attention. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, but her eyes were bright, and luminous with an expression that made Corwin gulp with a nameless emotion.

"I'd like to buy a bond, sir—fifty dollars," she said, quietly, to the salesman.

"You're pretty old to be buying bonds, Grandma," said the latter. "Are you sure you want one?"

"Old, am I?" she replied, raising her voice defiantly. "Well, when I get so old that I can't try to do something for my country, I shall be old indeed!"

The salesman caught Corwin's eyes, and laughed.

"That ought to make some tight-wads rather ashamed of themselves—hadn't it?" he said.

Corwin flushed, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away, embarrassed, humiliated. For here—in the person of the old lady—was a manifestation of that spirit which he had long denied.

CHAPTER VI

It was only a few weeks later when the news flashed to a waiting, anxious world that the Hun line was wavering; that American troops were being hurled against it and that the crisis for which the world had waited long was at hand. Reports of engage-



"When I get too old to help my country, I shall be old indeed."

ments in which the Yankee boys had conducted themselves with a heroism that upheld the traditions of their country began to leak through, to occupy prominent places in the newspapers.

Corwin noted the change in the atmosphere of Falltown. There had been deep concern in most of the faces of Falltown's citizens. Some of the faces had borne a harried appearance, and the haunting wistfulness in the eyes of some had betrayed their fear of the outcome. There were men who passed their friends without a nod of recognition—their minds, their hearts, their souls were in France with their sons who were facing the appalling hazards of death. There were others who scowled; still others whose eyes were luminous with pride; there were still others whose eyes glowed with a sorrow that would be eternal.

Falltown had been a place of subdued voices—of dread expectancy. It had seemed to be waiting—waiting for something to happen.

And that something had happened. Falltown had been awaiting the news it had now received. And in the faces of men on the streets; in the faces of women and children; there had come a new expression. It was that of grim joy—the savage exultation of the victor.

Corwin was sitting at his desk one day in November. He had not been able to work. Somehow, though he had no sympathy with the war, he felt eager, expectant. It seemed to him that great events portended. A dozen times during the day he had got up, to go to one of the windows and look down into the street. He saw people hurrying, with springy step and alert manner—as though they desired to finish the tasks before them before that something for which they waited, should occur.

Corwin did not see Molly King watching him; he did not see in the girl's eyes a certain gleam of understanding and pity. For Molly knew that the end was near—that victory for the army in which her brother was fighting was imminent—and she knew that there would come a day for Corwin when he would wish, sorrowfully and regretfully, that he had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Government.

And some glimmer of that regret was already clutching at Corwin. He was uneasy, restless. For he, too, felt

Continued next week.

### COMMISSIONER'S SALE

By order of the Knox Circuit Court rendered at its September term, 1917, in the case of

John Pearcey, Plaintiff, against

W. H. McDonald, Ellen G. McDonald, M. E. McDonald, defendants, I will, as Master Commissioner, on the 28th day of April, 1919, same being County Court day, sell at the Court House door in Barbourville, Kentucky, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to satisfy the judgment in said case, amounting to \$1080.00, with interest from August 9th, 1912, and \$15.00 probable cost, with its following credits: March 12, 1913, \$80.00; October 22, 1913, \$50.00; March 20, 1913, \$100.00; April 24, 1914 \$100.00; August 26, 1915, \$500.00; July—, 1917, \$50.00.

A tract of land lying on Manchester Street, known as the old home lot, on which D. McDonald lived in his life time, and which lot was deeded to him by J. R. Hicks etc. by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of the Knox County Court, in Deed Book No. 5, at page 44. Also one certain lot on Manchester Street, being the same lot deeded to D. McDonald by J. H. Catron and wife, by deed of record in the office aforesaid, in Deed Book No. 16, at page 8. Also one other certain lot on Manchester Street deeded from J. R. Hicks and others to D. McDonald December 13, 1894, by deed of record in said office in Deed Book No. 18, at page 268. All of said lots of land are in Barbourville, Kentucky, and eight-ninths of each and all of same were mortgaged and placed in lien to the plaintiff by the aforesaid instrument, and the plaintiff is now adjudged a prior and superior lien upon same to secure and make certain his debt herein adjudged and the cost of this action.

Said property will be sold on a credit of six months, the purchaser to execute bond with approved security, bearing interest at six per cent. from date, having the force and effect of a judgement and retaining a lien on said property until the purchase money is paid.

WITNESS my hand, this 6th day of March, 1919.

J. R. JONES, Master Commissioner, Knox Circuit Court. Sale about 1 p. m. Purchaser must execute bond as soon as sale is over, or the property will be immediately put up and resold.

Residence for Sale — 5 rooms 2 large porches, on Allison Ave., gas and electric lights. Good outbuildings. Lot 60x200. W. C. Hopper, Barbourville, Ky. 21—51

### EXECUTORS NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of John M. Hearty, Sr., deceased, are requested to prove same as required under the Statute and file same with J. R. Jones, Master Commissioner, at once.

Arch Beatty, Executor. 24-31

### BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lewis Ely, a boy, Charles Lewis.

To Mr. and Mrs. Beve Clark, a boy, Lewis Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jesse S. Hopper, an 11 pound boy, Frank.

### Don't Prod Your Liver To Action

NR Today—Relief or No Pay

It should be remembered that the organs of digestion, assimilation and elimination—the stomach, liver and bowels—are closely allied and that the proper action of any of these organs is largely dependent upon the correct functioning of all the others. Now instead of "whipping" your liver into action with calomel or forcing your bowels with strong cathartics, try the better, safer plan of strengthening and toning up the whole digestive and eliminative system with Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), and you will not only get immediate relief, but genuine and lasting benefit. It acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, improves digestion and assimilation, overcomes biliousness, corrects constipation and quickly relieves all headaches.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) sets promptly, but gently,—it never irritates or causes the slightest pain, griping or discomfort. The only results from its use are quick, glorious

**Comfort of Body**  
Many children and adults are constant sufferers from cold hands and feet and are acutely susceptible to every chill and sudden climatic change. There is definite help in

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

which furnishes fuel to warm the body, helps make pure, red blood and maintain the system in a state of robustness, so that the buffeting winds or the sudden chill of evening are enjoyed rather than feared. For comfort of body and buoyant health, take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. Y. 15-12

J. M. Feltner Here

J. M. Feltner, district club agent and acting district agent of agriculture, with headquarters at London, Ky., was here last week looking over the field with W. M. Tye, local agent.

Mr. Feltner carried with him a medal of a kind which may be won by boys and girls who belong to various agricultural clubs under the following conditions:

Where the county has 25 club members who finish in any project, three medals will be given. Where there are from 10 to 25, two medals will be given and where there are less than 10 one medal will be given. The winning club members must show a percentage of 70 per cent on work, lessons and record.

These badges will make dandy watch fobs and will last a life time. They are paid for by the First National Bank, thru Mr. R. W. Cole and are the first badges ordered by any county.

### Beginning May Third

We will be here Friday & Saturday till Noon.

We will buy your Country Produce, Chickens, Eggs, Butter, Country Hams, Side Meat, Dried Fruit, Feathers, — Geese, Duck, Turkey — Beans, Sorghum, Tallow, Beeswax, Rhubarb, Potatoes, Onions, at Market Prices. We have nothing but Cash to pay you. We are located near Court House in old Sevier Building, occupied by T. G. Moren, Farm Implement Company.

Harlan Fruit & Produce Co. 25-26

### Bridge Entertainment

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Tuggle very pleasantly entertained a number of friends Thursday evening. After an interesting game of bridge delicious refreshments were served and everyone expressed themselves as having spent a thoroughly enjoyable time. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Tye, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDermott, Mrs. C. F. Heidrick, Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Herndon, Mr. and Mrs. Sol T. Steele, Mrs. R. B. Minton, Miss Nola Minton, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Tinsley, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rathfon, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Kennedy, Mrs. Marcum, Mrs. W. S. Nicholson, Miss Emma Morris, Mrs. J. F. Hawn, Dan Herndon, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Jarvis and S. B. Dishman, Jr.

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